

The



Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1924

Nos. 13-14

PURPLE AND RED VARSITY



Top Row—Adolph Petit, Coach Thomas Radican, John Klen, Alphonse Hoffman, Theodore Liebert, Robert Metz, Manager Carl Willacker. Middle Row—James Lauer, Vincent Jordan, Captain Herbert Weier, John Roach, James Hipskind. Bottom Row—Herman Klocker, Lawrence McGuire, John Byrne.

SAINTS CLOSE SUCCESSFUL COURT CAMPAIGN

The season just ended has been the most successful one in many years for the Purple and Red. With thirteen victories and only three defeats the Varsity hung up an enviable record. For this splendid work the squad deserves the gratitude of the student body. During the entire season the home crowd witnessed but one defeat and that was no disgrace, coming as it did from the St. Cyril's club of Whiting, one of the best Hoosier professional outfits. Many Collegian fans still hold that had Captain Weier been in the lineup the seven points lead of the Oil City five would not have been sufficient to win, for his absence greatly weakened the morale of the team.

Dark Spots on Record

The next setback was a heart-breaker coming from the St. Ann team at Lafayette. Again the margin was small, this time six points, but it was a great game and by the scrappy argument, the Purple and Red gained many admirers in the University City. A week later the Hoosiers journeyed to Chicago and put up a miserable exhibition against Loyola. That the team was in a slump was self-evident but in all justice let it be known that the Loyola basketballers played a wonderful game that night. So much for the dark clouds.

Many Notable Victories

Among the notable victories was the one at the expense of the Monon Rails. In that encounter the Purple and Red team literally swept their opponents off their feet. It was a game that clearly showed that St. Joe had a great team. Culver Military Academy was next in line and the 28-18 victory was sweet revenge, for the memory of that 20-0 defeat in football at the hands of the Cadets was still fresh in the minds of the Saints. A few games of minor importance were added to the string and then along came Brook High. The youngsters from George Ade's town proved to be Tartars and the Collegians were forced to exert themselves before the High School five would acknowledge a 34-21 defeat. The season in the meantime breezed merrily along. Weidner Institute felt the force of the Saints' wrath twice and incidentally gave the second team a chance to show its wares. Several weaker teams came and departed, sadder but wiser. The St. Ann heart-breaker was followed by the Loyola disaster at Chicago and then with iron in their souls and fire in their eyes the boys from Collegeville buckled down with the one determined purpose of ending the season in a blaze of glory for the Purple and Red.

Saints Turn Table on Loyola

On the evening of March 1, Loyola appeared on the Collegeville floor, grimly resolved to end a four game losing streak. Before a gallery packed with roaring, revengeful

fans the Purple and Red team swept up and down the court with the speed and precision of a well-oiled machine. The Hoosier quintet was at its best and the final score stood 36-15 against Loyola. The rejoicing that followed this victory knew no bounds; the squad was idolized, feted, the Raleigh Club even tendering the men a banquet. On the following Monday evening the entire squad witnessed the Purdue-Iowa game. "It was a grand and glorious feeling."

Season Ends Successfully

A week later found the American College of Physical Education five of Chicago here to end the season. The team coached by Nels Norgren, University of Chicago Mentor, was a neat combination but the steady work of the Collegeville quintet finally brought St. Joe into a lead which ultimately spelt victory. The final score stood 31-12. This ended a season fraught with success.

Harmony a Big Factor

After some thought the writer's opinion is that the underlying success of this season's Varsity was a spirit of harmony that permeated every man on the squad. True there were differences, there always are, but when the time came every mother's son to a man was in his place on the firing line ready to do his best for St. Joe. An offense that fairly sizzled with speed and aggressiveness together with a defense that looked like a veritable Gibraltar to opposing forwards, were the immediate reasons why the Purple and Red won so many games. In all respects the season was an ideal one and the phrase that best describes the work of players, Manager and Coach alike, is "Well Done."

Attitude of Student Body

But we cannot end without saying a word of praise to the student body for the splendid backing it gave the team. The students were with the squad this year, body, voice and soul and that meant very much. When the fans cheer and yell for all they are worth, their favorites on the floor are bound to benefit. During the Loyola game this spirit reached its peak; the support from the gallery made that game the most colorful and zestful one of the season. Led by two cheer-leaders that would reflect creditably on any school St. Joe's rooters were there with the goods.

The season is now a paragraph in the athletic history of St. Joe, one that can be looked back to with great satisfaction. And a sense of pride should be awakened in every student's heart for having done his share towards its success. With this sort of cooperation continued future years will record many more such and even greater triumphs for the Purple and Red.

FOURTHS COP IN SENIOR LEAGUE

(S. J. SEE)

Senior League Standing

	Won.	Lost.
IV Latins	8	1
Seniors	4	5
III Latins	4	5
II Latins	2	7

The past season has been one of interest in the Senior League; it has been one in which the old dope bucket was upset time and again. The Fourths with a nicely balanced team met one reverse while eight times they were triumphant. The Seniors and Thirds stand tied in second and third place respectively and the Sophomores hold undisputed sway in the cellar. The last two games were particularly interesting.

When the Seniors defeated the Fourths in an overtime game the fans witnessed the best game of the season. With Froehle and Schmelzer in the

lineup the Southsiders were greatly strengthened but the Fourths made them travel to win. Paulus, Froehle, and Neff electrified the crowd several times with long shots while Lyons and Koors dropped in several nice ones under the basket. Schmelzer and Sheidler for the Seniors and Braun for the Fourths were the defensive stars. It was a great game.

The Seniors lost to the Thirds in the final game of the year, 11-9. Minus Schmelzer and Froehle the Seniors were well nigh helpless. The teams have been exceptionally well matched this year and the Fourths deserve a world of praise for copping the bunting.

COLLEGIANS LARRUP DEMOTTE A. C. 45-8

Tuesday night, March 4, St. Joe's quintet after making a slow start came back strong in the second half and completely snowed under the DeMotte

team. The locals allowed their opponents just one field goal, while they themselves tossed the ball through the ring at will. Captain Weier gained six baskets in the final period.

The game was a rough and tumble affair and if the Collegians had displayed their usual eye for the basket there is no telling what the score might have been. The reason for scheduling the game was none other than that of keeping the team on edge for the final game of the season with the American College of Physical Education quintet of Chicago.

Eddie O'Connor, the efficient time-keeper, is writing a new book entitled, "The Dirty Deal" or "Who Fixed the Gun?"

"So I took the 50,000 suit cases and carried them myself," says Manager Carl Willacker after the baggage disappeared at Lafayette.

CARL WILLACKER



MANAGER CARL WILLACKER

To this sturdy son of Bucyrus, Ohio, local fans owe a heap of praise. The many games on the past season's schedule attest to Carl's unlimited energy. The manager of the basketball squad perhaps more than anyone else is called upon to bear the brunt of the many little details here and there without which, however, no team could carry on. Willacker performs his duties in an admirable manner and by his courteous treatment to visiting coaches, managers and players alike he not only earned the name of a gentleman of the first order but also brought a world of credit to St. Joe.

Willacker is a student of no mean ability and is prominent in many of the campus activities. Until a few years ago he was also a fine athlete but ill-health forced him to the side lines. When Carl steps upon the platform in June to receive his diploma from the College Department we hope it will be with honors and the students will be there to give him a rousing ovation.

WELLMAN ELECTED CAPTAIN

Added honors have recently been conferred upon "Freddy" Wellman. This former St. Joe three-letter man has been chosen as captain of the Purdue University basketball team of '25.

We are quite proud of our former full-back, basketball center, and baseball star. Congratulations, Captain Wellman, and good luck!

"No getting around it, there's one guy you've got to take your hat off to."

"Who's that?"
"The barber."

COLLEGEVILLE CLOSING LYCEUM LECTURES

Lew Sarett Renders Pleasing Program

Lew Sarett, poet, professor, eminent scholar, forest ranger and woodsman, dressed in his lumberman's costume, led an enthralled audience through a lifetime of personal experience in the great out-doors. He introduced us to the French-Canadian pioneers, the couriers de bois, the timber cruisers, the lumberjacks; showed us the true nobility of man, the nobility of heart and soul. But by far the most human thing was the tale of his own parents and of their privations for him. That struck a note which found response in every heart.

The character impersonations and philosophy couched in his own, original poems, indicates a wide experience and a subtle mind. Especially was this true in the poems "Fish," and "Courtin' Tam in de Woodland." And interspersed with all this was an invigorating humor, quite irresistible in its appeal. Bateese Boidreau and his first movie, the frog-debate on "Moonshine," all were fine.

Words fail when we attempt to praise this man, this genius of versatility, this scholar in the university of nature. Still we cannot but say a word on his mimicing of animal and bird voices. Of especial interest was the wailing of the Canadian lynx, so like the weeping of a human being, the howling of a timber wolf calling for its mate, and the satisfactory bugle of a bull elk. These, for the most part, were unknown to us, and so Mr. Sarett led us into an entirely new field of pleasure. If his object was to teach us closer observation and a keener appreciation of nature then his mission is fulfilled.

This, the final program of our lyceum course, marks the closing of a very enjoyable series. The Dunbar Male Quartet and Bell Ringers brought to us something novel and interesting. Mr. Eugene Knox entertained with his many character impersonations, one of which, "The Lover With a Cold," will remain in our memories for a long time. Then the Betty Booth Concert Company gave us more in the sphere of the musical. And last, but not least, our recent Lew Sarett. He will leave the most lasting impression of them all because he touched upon a subject nearest the heart of youth.

The "Cheer" feels that it is putting in form the feeling of the students when it thanks the authorities of the institution for arranging such a splendid series of entertainments.

[Editor's Note: An article will appear shortly in the Dearborn Independent by Lew Sarett. Don't fail to read this message from "the poet of the wilderness."]

Lauer and Roach say: "Lafayette, we are here."

COACH THOMAS RADICAN

This was Coach Radican's first season as a basket-ball mentor at St. Joe and it has been a very successful one. The Purple and Red mentor is a great believer in aggressiveness and this was one of his foremost tenets. The method of attack he employs is known as the short pass game and although the Collegians did not master this method to perfection during the past season, still they became quite proficient in it due to Radican's untiring efforts in stressing it. The Purple and Red defense, however, was developed to such an efficient degree that opposing teams found no end of difficulty when trying to penetrate it.

Joliet, Illinois, is the home of Mr. Radican. Before taking up the coaching assignment here he attended the University of Illinois Coaching School and naturally he is a good believer in the system as taught by the famous trio, Zupke, Dobie and Huff. The "Cheer" tenders Coach Radican a vote of thanks in behalf of the student body for the success of the Purple and Red team during the past season.



THE WAY TO WIN

Life is a game to play;
Play it!
When you have a thing to say,
Say it!
Do not stammer "if" or "but;"
Courage takes the shortest cut.
When your task is hard to do,
Grit your teeth and see it through.

Life is just a prize to get;
Get it!
If the stage is not well set,
Set it!
Men of mettle seldom find
What they're looking for behind;
Fate is passing down the street,
Follow her with nimble feet.

—SELECTED.

CAPTAIN HERBERT WEIER

Three short years ago Herbert Weier came to St. Joe an unknown quantity. Today he is recognized as one of the Purple and Red's best all-around athletes. During the season just ended Weier was an important cog in the Collegian's team. Speed and grit were the Monroe lad's most valuable assets, and these two qualities



were big factors in the sweeping offense displayed by the local quintet. In the early part of the season an injury to his ankle kept the St. Joe captain out of action until the latter part of January. In the games that followed, however, the fighting Wolverine made up for his absence by brilliant floor work and general all around ability. Along with his playing ability Weier has also an ideal disposition as a leader. His presence inspired confidence in his teammates and caused them to give every bit of energy they possessed.

This year marks the end of Weier's career at St. Joe. He leaves a brilliant record and it is with regret that every one connected with the local institution witnesses his departure. He will always be remembered as a man who played squarely and fought till the final whistle for the Purple and Red.

Hiram—Well, sir, my shotgun let out a roar and there lay a dead wolf before us.

Bored Boarder—How long had it been dead?

THE ALL-SENIOR LEAGUE TEAM

(By S. J. SEE)

First Team	Second Team
T. Neff, (Capt.)	R. F.... (Capt.) Koors
A. Mancz.....	L. F..... Boone
R. Lyons.....	C. Metz
J. Braun.....	R. G..... Reardon
R. Schleider....	L. G..... Achsberger

The selection of an all-Senior team has been no easy proposition but after considerable thought and no little amount of discussion the above teams have been chosen. The writer does not claim to be infallible; he has tried to be fair and has considered all things and in his mind the above selection is a representative crowd.

Tommy Neff, by reason of his superior work throughout is accorded one of the forward positions. Neff led the league in number of points scored; his work has been consistent throughout and for this reason he is also named captain of the first outfit. Tony Mancz has been selected as his running mate because of his excellent playing on a five of mediocre standing. Had Metz played the entire season, he undoubtedly would have given the sophomore a close race. As it is Metz is placed at center on the second team. Koors and Boone are the closest rivals of Neff and Mancz, accordingly they are placed on the second team.

At center, Lyons easily outdistanced the field. During the past season this lad has developed wonderfully and he deserves the pivot position. Metz, as has been stated, is the center on the second outfit.

The selection of a running guard was the most difficult of the lot and caused quite a lot of worry. Braun was finally selected. Though he performed at forward in the major portion of the games, still he has all that is necessary for a fine defensive player, speed, passing skill and a fairly good eye for the hoop. Reardon is his closest competitor, though Greter is not far behind him. The former, however, has more experience in the court game and for this reason he has been given the edge.

Scheidler holds undisputed sway at backguard with Achsberger holding down the same position on the second team. Greter, Lucke, Paulus, Buckley and Castello also deserve honorable mention for their work.

After taking a good look at our husky pill tossers, gee but we feel small. But say, gang, you know what helped the team in its blaze of victory? No! Say, boys, it's the good old staunch moral support of the St. Joe student body. Be on hand for baseball, fellows, and another season is a sure success.

Sub—Petit's lost his cap again.

Moody—How do you know?

Sub—I can't find mine.

AL HOFFMAN

"When speaking of famous St. Joe centers, say Hoffman," is a familiar saying among the followers of the Purple and Red. During the season just ended this young giant from the Buckeye state led the squad in scoring for the second consecutive year.

Hoffman proved his sterling worth by his consistent work under the basket. At that place he was simply a master and very seldom did the enemy guards check him. And we cannot call his shooting merely a lucky spree, for he performed consistently, leading the season as his 191 points easily testify. Besides leading the team in scoring, Hoffman helped materially in the floor work, where at all times he played the game to win.

Columbus Grove, Ohio, claims "Ella" as a native son. This is his fifth year at St. Joe and his third season on the varsity. Next year he will bid farewell to St. Joe and the varsity, but already local followers of the court game are conjuring great things for this stalwart son of Ohio in '25.



MY CHOICE

If Fortune offered me my choice
Of all her treasure store
I'd take the gift of Knowledge
And be happy evermore.

—Richard J. Meier ("Speed")

Bystander—Where are these men going, do you know?

Second Bystander—Oh, a prominent actress is to hold a reunion of her former husbands.

ACES WIN MIDGET LEAGUE FLAG

(S. J. SEE)



"VINC" JORDAN

Jordan was the real find of the season. Very little was known of his ability when he entered St. Joe last September, but by his brilliant work he has won a secure place in the hearts of every loyal follower of the Purple and Red.

"Vinc" played forward on the local five and proved to be an ideal running mate for Captain Weier. His speed and shiftiness made him a valuable asset to the Collegians. Then, too, we must not forget that he stands second in points scored, with 126 markers to his credit. Though a mere bantam in stature his aggressiveness makes him an idol of the fans.

Last year Jordan was captain and forward on the Washington Irving high school five of Clarksburg, West Virginia. His home, however, now is in Terre Haute.

Besides auguring well for a successful cage combination next season, the news that Jordan has another year to spend at St. Joe will be heartily welcome to every loyal supporter of the Purple and Red. "Atta time, Vinc!"

Rall—Do you know what my grandfather did? He built the Rocky Mountains.

Boone—Pooh! That's nothing. Did you ever hear of the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it.

Carl Miller has decided not to shave any more. He is working out an idea of a chin coiffure.

All Midget Team

Hummel, (Capt.).....R. F.
 RomweberL. F.
 DenkaC.
 SnyderR. G.
 ModrijanL. G.
 Utility—Zeller, Wagner, Schaffer.

The past season witnessed a close race in the Midget League, one that was not decided until the final game. The Aces were returned the winners mainly because of the presence of one "Fat" Hummel. This lad's play was easily the outstanding feature of the season, and for this reason he has been named captain of the mythical All-Midget team. The K. I.'s, runners-up in the league, lost the pennant because of the fact that they could not stop the rotund Hummel.

In general, the playing was exceptionally spirited and at times there were real flashes of form. The main fault in this circuit was the over-emphasis placed on dribbling. A few players mastered this art remarkably well, but only at the expense of teamwork.

In selecting the All-representative team the writer has not relied wholly upon his own judgment but has consulted the various referees and other competent authorities. The different factors have been weighed carefully, and we think that the above choice is the most representative that can be obtained.

Hummel, with a total of 66 points, is given the captaincy and forward position. He showed well throughout the season. Romweber is rated next because of his speed and floorwork. At center, Denka, with 45 points, is the best of the pivot men; his one fault is lack of aggressiveness. Snyder, another dribbler of no mean ability, carries away the post of running-guard. And at backguard the bulky Modrijan stands out more prominently than any other man of that position. Zeller, Wagner, and Schaffer are named as utility men.

In all respects it is a very well-balanced squad and should give no little amount of trouble in its own class. Medland, Mattingly, Walter, Mitchell, and Dirrig are given honorable mention for their work during the past season.

Final Standing

	Won.	Lost.
Aces	7	1
K. I.'s	6	2
Parl. Slickers	4	4
Lucky Strikes	2	6
Spark Plugs	1	7



"JIMMY" LAUER

"Most good basketball players are reared in Indiana," says a familiar axiom. In the person of Jimmie Lauer, running guard and one of the leading citizens of Kouts, Indiana, we have a living testimony.

Lauer is one of the reasons why so many of the Purple and Red's opponents were stopped in their tracks. Commanding plenty of speed, together with ability to pass in the tight places are some of Lauer's most notable qualities. Jim, with rather hard luck in his shooting this season, came through in the last few games with some timely fielders. Even at that his guarding made up for his lack of scoring ability.

Next season will find Lauer at other stamping grounds and to fill his shoes here will be one of the big problems. Besides being a brilliant performer on the hardwood, Jim has equal ability as a baseball player, in which sport he held the position of captain on last season's local nine.

"Yep," drawl the native Hoosiers around the general store in Kouts, "he's some boy."

Gooley—Is there any soup on this bill-of-fare?

Waiter—There was, sir, but I wiped it off.

When "Gus" Hoefer failed to get in to the game at Lafayette he missed the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. Yep, the home boys were all there, too.

"JIM" HIPSKIND

At back guard we find the veteran Hipkind. Enemy forwards will testify as to his guarding ability; glancing at the total number of points scored by our opponents we shall see his real worth to the Purple and Red quintet. Local fans are still of the



opinion that the score would have been different had Hipkind been able to play against Loyola at Chicago.

The outstanding feature of this lad's play is his uncanny ability to leave the floor in taking the rebound off the enemy's backboard. Especially was he active in the St. Anne game, and when Loyola appeared on the local court he again put up a scrappy argument. "Jim" seldom ventures down the floor but when he does the fans generally witness a neat shot.

Hipkind is another native Hoosier and during the off-season is at home in Wabash, Indiana. In June "Jim" will receive his diploma from the Academic department and wherever he may decide to continue his work we wish him loads of success, both in studies and in athletics.

We are pleased to announce that all of the basketball pictures offered in this issue have been produced by our College Photo Company, which is under the direction of Messrs. Mossong and Yusas. The picture of Manager Wil-lacker was taken by our advertiser and class photographer, Mr. Harrington, Logansport, Ind.

"Ella" Hoffman will probably be deluged with offers from the Columbus Grove Independents after they see his record.

Never hit a man when he's down,

ISIDORE PAULUS WINS ESSAY CONTEST**Second Prize Captured by Frank Denka**

Less than six days after the close of our Essay Contest the judges had awarded the first prize of \$5.00 to Isidore Paulus, a Sixth Year student. Frank Denka, a second year Classical, receives the \$2.50 gold-piece for the second best essay submitted.

The decision of the judges was indeed quite correspondent. The two winners shared the first two positions in the standings of each of the three

ESSAY CONTEST RESULTS

(Note: The judges have considered the classification of contestants in the standings, according to year.)

1. Isidore Paulus.....6th Class
2. Frank Denka.....2nd Class
3. John Sabo.....5th Class
4. Robert Stock.....6th Class
5. Thomas Medland...1st Class
6. Francis Marcotte...6th Class
7. Joseph Bechtold...4th Year
8. Raymond Dirrig...4th Year
9. John Klen.....5th Year
10. Gregory Wallig.....1st Year
11. Joseph Schill.....1st Year

judges, Paulus having the edge with two "firsts." The contestants are unanimous in their hearty endorsement of the decision given. To these three accommodating arbiters, Fathers Sponar, Kenkel, and Brunswick, we express our most sincere thanks, for success crowned our contest through their masterly treatment.

It is rather interesting to note that both prize-winning essays staunchly uphold the negative of our question on scholarships. According to their judgment, and indeed, that of most of the contestants, St. Joe should NOT grant scholarships to promising athletes. Do all our readers agree?

The Judges Have Decreed

With the return of the essays and the verdicts came a delightful letter from the "chairman" of the judges, Father Sponar. Answering conjointly for the three, Father expresses precisely that which we could not adequately word.

Presuming permission, we quote from his letter: We trust that you are satisfied with the fulfillment of our duty, even if not with our decision. We account it as an unfortunate circumstance that this question, having as all others have, two sides, was not defended by a better array of precise arguments on the negative side. We should have been glad to entertain and to have been entertained by a more evenly divided debate. Nevertheless we have enjoyed the sincerity,

JOHNNY KLEN

Klen rendered invaluable service this year as a general all-around man on the squad. The diminutive "Oiler" from Whiting stepped into Captain Weier's place at forward when the latter was on the casualty list and during the time he played his work was of a



high calibre. Later in the season Johnny was called upon to take up the back guard assignment when Hipkind injured his ankle and again he responded by putting up a scrappy argument at that position. The feature of Klen's playing is his dribbling ability, coupled with a keen eye for the basket on long-range shots. Aggressiveness, too, goes to make the Whiting flash a consistent performer on the court. When Klen plays the fans are sure to see some real, honest-to-goodness caged lightning.

This season rang down the curtain on Johnny's career at St. Joe, as he will be among the graduates of the Academic Department in June. Notre Dame will probably be Klen's choice as a university and we all wish him well. "Another fightin' Irish, eh Jawn?"

the spirit and good-fellowship of the writers, to whom we hereby tender our regards.

With best wishes, we remain,

Sincerely,

THE JUDGES,

Per Fr. Leo H. Sponar C.P.P.S.

Coach Radican would evidently be very grateful if someone would invent an automatic ankle wrapper.

JOHN ROACH

Roach is a by-product of the industrial steel center, Youngstown, Ohio. "Brick," as he is known to his teammates, played both forward and running guard at various times for the Second team and his worth at either position was easily noticeable. Roach is always in the thick of the fray and generally makes things mighty troublesome for his opponents. In the games in which he appeared he put up a fine demonstration. "Brick is the type of player that fits well into any combination for he is always willing to forget himself and give everything he has for the good of the team as a whole.

Besides being a basketball player, "Brick" is a baseball player; undoubtedly St. Joe fans will hear more of him before this year's diamond sport is over. This is the Youngstown lad's Senior year in the College Department and on Commencement Day we hope to see him walk away with honors aplenty.



SAINTS CLOSE SEASON WITH VICTORY OVER CHICAGOANS, 31-12.

Monday night, March 10, the Purple and Red Varsity brought the season to a fitting end with a brilliant victory over the American College of Physical Education team of Chicago, 31-12. The first half was neck and neck and until a few minutes before the close of the period the score stood five-all. A spurt on the part of the Hoosiers, however, netted them a 11-5 lead when the half ended.

The next period found the Purple and Red basketball players playing to better advantage and hitting the net with more regularity. Weier and Jordan were the stellar offensive performers, while Lauer played a great game at running guard, although handicapped by an injured ankle. Hoffman played

well, but was guarded closely at every turn. Hippskind displayed his usual reliable guarding ability.

The Chicagoans possessed an uncanny degree of skill in dribbling, but their shooting was quite erratic. Looker was the outstanding star for the Windy City aggregation.

This game rang down the curtain on the basketball career of Captain Weier, Lauer, Jordan and Hippskind, all of whom are in their final year here.

A. C. P. E. (12) St. Joseph's (31)
 Donaho R. F. .. (C) Weier
 Lipshultz L. F. Jordan
 Looker C. Hoffman
 Jones R. G. Lauer
 Ralph (C) L. G. Hippskind
 Field goals: Jordan, 6; Weier, 4;
 Hoffman, 2; Lauer, 2. Foul goals:
 Weier, 2; Lauer. Field Goals: Looker,
 2; Ralph, 2. Foul goals: Donaho, 3;
 Jones. Referee: Clearwater.

RALEIGH CLUB BANQUETS
VARSITY

While spirits were still high over the victory, so gloriously won from Loyola University's famed five, the Raleigh Club rose to the opportunity and prepared a banquet for the conquering warriors of the hardwood.

Sunday, March 2, at high noon, amid the joyous shouts of the students, the basketball team was welcomed into the Raleigh Club room. The committee had been at work arranging decorations and table appointments to suit the occasion. From the center of the hall there hung a decorated basketball, bearing the '24 of the season. There were likewise St. Joe pennants, as well as streamers of ribbon in profusion. There were table appointments for Coach Thomas Radican, Captain Herbert Weier, Manager Carl Willacker, Alphonse Hoffman, Vincent Jordan, James Hippskind, James Lauer, John Klen, James Hoban, August Hoefer, Lawrence McGuire, Adolph Petit, John Byrne, Herman Klocker, John Roach, Theodore Leibert, the president of the club; Philip Rose, Edward O'Brien, James Trahey, Eugene Clemens, Edward O'Conner, Russell Scheidler, Ignatius Murphy, Raymond Boehm, Daniel Castello, Francis Fate and one out of town guest, Paul Rahe, an alumnus from Muncie, Ind. Raymond Yeager and Francis Buckley acted as waiters under the excellent supervision of Mr. Peter Heimes.

During the banquet, which lasted several hours, toasts were given by many of the guests, and everyone had an entirely enjoyable time.

This was the first banquet given the Varsity under the auspices of any organization at St. Joseph's outside of the Athletic Association, and has marked a new era of appreciation and loyalty to the "home team." It proved a success in every respect and deserves the support of all the students, as does every movement toward the advancement of interest at college.



TED LIEBERT

"Introducing Ted Liebert, the original Chicago Kid."

A bundle of pep, stamina and basketball ability, sum up our opinion of Ted. Playing for the second season on the Varsity squad, Liebert proved himself a dependable understudy to either of the regular guards. The Chicagoan saw action in six games during the past campaign and his work was always of a clean-cut variety. Under the enemy's basket Ted was a veritable tiger and he succeeded admirably in keeping the number of rival shots down to a minimum. Six feet of agile and rugged physique is Ted's most precious possession.

In the two years spent at St. Joe Ted has made a host of friends by his jovial disposition which never fails to enliven a crowd. Two years on the varsity in football and two seasons on the basketball squad is the record of this husky lad as an athlete at the local school.

"Spuds" Murphy and "Rusty" Scheidler are named by the "Cheer" as All-Indiana Cheer Leaders.

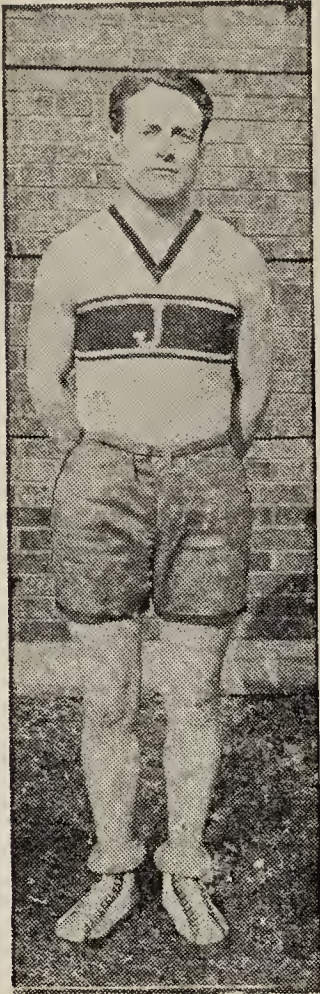
Johnny Klen might think that he knows all about Chi, but a certain Sporting Editor has a far different opinion.

We are not positive, but it has been hinted that the Post Office at Glenwood will be open this week to take care of this issue of the "Cheer." "Atta boy, John!"

Bob Metz—Where are you going?

Buckley—Chemistry exam.

Bob—Going to take the acid test, eh?

"MAC" McGUIRE**JOHNNY BYRNE**

Johnny is the gift of Glenwood, O., to the Purple and Red. Although old man "Hard Luck" did everything he could in the way of injuries to keep the diminutive Buckeye from fame, Johnny came through this season in spite of all and earned a place at forward on the Second team. A bad knee kept Byrne off the floor until after the holidays but he has certainly made up for lost time since then.

Speed is Johnny's long suit. Nabbing the ball somewhere out on the floor he, like a flash, would dribble through the enemy defense and the next moment the old familiar swish of the net would tell that the pill had passed through the hoop. His aggressiveness, too, brands him as a real basketballer.

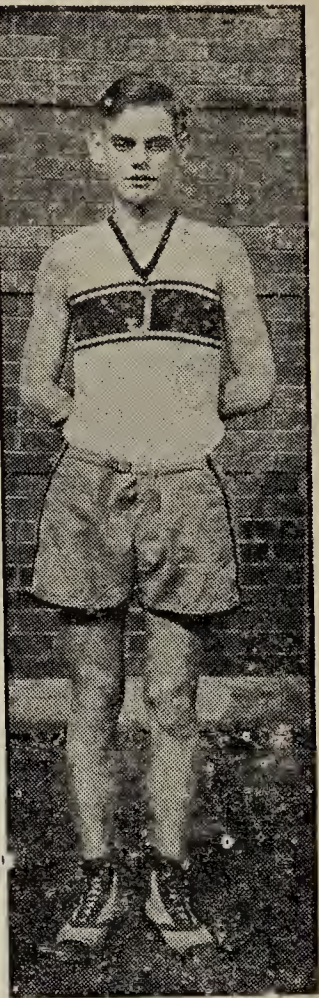
The Buckeye Harp has another year to spend at St. Joe before he dons the cap and gown; and next season he should be a tower of strength to the Purple and Red. "All hail to St. Patrick!"

The Cheer had a great deal of trouble interviewing Captain Weier. He's getting almost as shy and modest as his study hall partner. But, Flossie, don't go that far. Gee Willackers that partner of yours forced us not to mention his name in here—so he can't kick about a reference to eh, Joh—er, Flossie.

Norm Liebert was heard to remark that he thought a guy who digs ditches has a swell job because he can always take his pick.

McGuire played either running guard or forward; at the latter place, however, he was more at home. This was Mac's first year on the squad and also his last, for he will be among those who this year receive diplomas from the Academic Department. The Youngstown lad is a neat dribbler and his eye for the basket from out on the floor, is especially keen. Together with these offensive assets he is a very consistent guard and his opponents seldom fool him. Five times during the season this lad was called upon to appear and on every occasion the fans witnessed a real exhibition.

Although this was Mac's first season on the basketball squad it will not be his first letter for he was a regular on the Varsity baseball team last spring. And soon local fans will again have a chance to see him in action, and we hope he will show them how the national sport should be played.

**"HERM" KLOCKER**

Klocker's was the distinction of being the youngest man on the squad. Although "Herm" appeared in but three games he showed the earmarks of a coming forward. Last year this lad was a star performer in the Junior League where he had the distinction of leading the league in points. Besides this he held the record for the greatest number of baskets in a single game with twenty ringers to his credit. Experience will develop this youngster wonderfully and with proper coaching he should blossom out in the near future as a star basketballer for the Purple and Red.

Klocker is in his third year of high school work here and since he intends to take the entire Classical course he will have plenty of time to display his ability as a star of the court. Akron, Ohio, the famous rubber metropolis is his home. "What say, Herm, let's stretch that record next year?"

Wigg—Say! more than one person has been guilty of mutilating the books I lent them, but my latest experience caps the climax.

Wagg—What was it?

Wigg—I lent a classmate my dictionary last week and yesterday he returned it without a word.

"It's getting so you can't tell a woman from a man."

"Well, you never could tell a woman."—Selected.

We know a fellow who thinks they use skulls to make noodle soup.

THE TREE

I think I shall never see

A poem as lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest

Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,

And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear

A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;

Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree.

—JOYCE KILMER.

DAVE PETIT

The little village of Ashkum, Illinois, has every reason in the world to feel proud of Dave. When mentioning reliable defensive men Petit's name cannot be overlooked, for in that particular line the Ashkum lad is a noted performer. Fleetness of foot and level head are some of Petit's leading characteristics. No matter how trying the circumstances, Davey always manages to keep cool and as a result his playing stands on a deserving plane. Petit was the only southpaw on the squad and this was a wonderful help to him in getting rid of the ball. At times he would appear to be covered, when suddenly Dave, by putting the old left wing into action, would bewilder his opponent completely.

The past season was the little Frenchman's first on the squad but not his last. The fact that next season he will be available is a source of much encouragement to Purple and Red followers. "Keep it up, Dave."



Now that the enlarged pictures of the graduates are here, Isidore Paulus is pursuing his favorite study.

Marcotte (in logic class)—Does that band on your arm mean that you are half a senior?

Marcotte—How's that?

Professor—Does not 2-4 equal 1-2?

Report has it that one of the seniors was so grumpy at the table the other morning that when he attempted to drink some "milk" it turned sour.



JIM HOBAN

And even Troy, Ohio, had a word to say in the shaping of the personnel of our squad,—and a loud word it was, too,—all condensed in our peppery utility center, Jim Hoban. All kidding on the shelf, Jim has everything that constitutes a real comer. And when he's in the game he's there with all his thoughts bent on only one objective—to win.

Hoban saw 73 minutes "actual service," and in this time sank five field goals. Many will remember him as the "forty second" man, for he was substituted in one game just that many seconds before the final whistle. But say, didn't he snap it up during those few seconds? 'Sapity the Troy Chamber of Commerce couldn't be here to present their hero Jim with that big medal now awaiting his arrival in Troy this June.

The future holds much for Jimmy. And he'll be back next year! Here's still another man to serve as a nucleus for next year's squad! Good luck to you, Sporting Editor of '24!

PAGE HENRY!

Pick-up along the road to S. J. C.—This is a nice car you have here. What kind is it?

Driver—Oh! Only a Ford!

Opposing Captain—Why don't you fire Smithers out? He can't tackle and he can't run and he can't kick.

Manager of the Home Team—No; but every member of the team owes him money.—Daily Mail (London).

"GUS" HOEFER

"Gus" hails from Lafayette, where "Hold 'em Purdue" in football turns out highly respected Big Ten basketball contenders. Hoefer was a guard on the Red and Purple Second team this season and a good one at that. By reason of his ability to literally "hound" a forward, "Gus" became famous and although himself of an unpretentious disposition his natural ability soon marked him as a respected performer on the polished tanbark. By his persistent and hard playing against the regulars in scrimmage he undoubtedly aided them in the development of a sweeping attack, for it took a pretty neat offense to get by our Gussie. In the Weidner game, Hoefer gave the fans a real treat and before the tilt was over the gallery gods were pulling with might and main for the Lafayette lad.

Hoefer, likewise, is a member of the Academic graduating class and most probably will enter Purdue next September. "Oh you Freshie!"



Kahle—Can you help me with this problem, prefect?

Prefect—I could, but do you suppose that it would be right?

Kahle—No, I don't suppose so, but you might try it and see.

Ex-convict—Well, old pal, glad to see you. I just got out today.

Friend—Congratulations, Jim. I wish you many happy returns.—Boston Transcript.

THE SEASON AT A GLANCE

ST. JOE 542; OPPONENTS 319

OPPONENT	DATE	OPPONENTS—319					ST. JOE—542					AT
		Score	B.	F.	F.T.	P.	Score	B.	F.	F.T.	P.	
Foreman Indp'ts	Nov. 29	14	4	6	9	1	42	21	0	1	7	Home
Monon Rails	Dec. 7	39	18	3	11	6	50	23	4	12	8	Home
Remington H. S.	Dec. 15	20	7	6	12	2	37	18	1	2	9	Home
St. Cyril Club	Dec. 16	37	17	3	10	13	30	12	6	19	9	Home
Culver Mil. Ac.	Jan. 12	18	8	2	7	6	28	12	4	8	6	Culver
Weidner Inst.	Jan. 18	13	5	3	5	5	32	14	4	8	4	Mulberry
Francisville	Jan. 23	11	3	5	13	6	37	17	3	8	10	Home
Brook H. S.	Jan. 26	21	9	3	8	5	34	16	2	7	6	Home
St. Anne	Feb. 2	35	17	1	5	6	29	13	3	8	5	Lafayette
Wolcott	Feb. 5	16	7	2	7	6	32	14	4	6	6	Home
Loyola U.	Feb. 9	28	12	4	8	11	9	2	5	13	8	Chicago
Weidner Inst.	Feb. 15	13	6	1	6	5	33	15	3	9	5	Home
North Judson	Feb. 20	19	8	3	8	3	37	18	1	5	6	Home
Loyola U.	March 1	15	4	7	13	10	36	15	6	11	10	Home
DeMotte	March 4	8	1	6	12	7	45	21	3	8	12	Home
A. C. P. E.	Mar. 10	12	4	4	10	10	31	14	3	11	6	Home
TOTAL . . .		319	130	59	144	102	542	245	52	136	117	

A PRAYER

O God, could I for Thee but live,
In Thee, for Thee alone, so sweet!
My life indeed I'd gladly give;
O, may I Thee in heaven greet!

As earthly life is fraught with woe,
A hope most firm I cherish must
On me in realms above bestow
The blessing dear of holy trust.

A life most pure without defect,
A blessed guide to safely lead;
To make me one of Thine elect
By grace to gain I humbly plead.

No more afflictions to bewail,

When once in paradise above,
For there unending joys prevail;
O grant me these, eternal Love!
—Carl W. Willacker, '24.

After a new applicant at an industrial plant had filled out the customary questionnaire, it was found that he had marked "yes" in the square marked "descent."

She—Don't you love driving?
He—Yes, but we're not out of town yet.

catches a joke before it's even finished. 'At so, Ted? We don't be-

THINGS SELDOM SEEN IN COLLEGEVILLE

Yusas giving a reduction on pictures.
McDonnough with his mouth closed.
A free day.
Rus Scheidler quiet.
Vinc Jordan wearing socks.
Powers in Turner Hall.
Meier awake in Physics.
Abe Stock singing.
Letters.
Ham and eggs for breakfast.
Ronayne laughing.
A movie.

Call a woman a hen and she'll lay for you.

ACADEMIC CHAMPS



THE TOWERS—"AC." CHAMPS

Left to right—Alig, Sirovy, Hipkind, Manager Trahe, Jeffers, Sobczak, Higi. Top Center—Capt. Buhl. Lower Center—"Spuds" Murphy, Mascot.

With four men over six feet in height, the Towers certainly deserved the name. This giant aggregation swept through the Academic League like a cyclone, levelling all opposition before them. The team made a clean sweep

and its claim to the title is undisputed. Buhl and Trahey were the leading offensive men while Jeffers, Higi and Sobczak performed consistently on defense.

CAPT. WEIER REVIEWS SEASON

The Varsity basketball season just ended was unusually successful, and one of the most interesting, I think, that St. Joe has witnessed for many years. Displaying a brand of basketball that would have been a credit to any school, the team went through the season with only three defeats. The reasons for the success of this year's team may be summarized as an air-tight defense and a smashing offense, together with fine fighting spirit. Every member of the squad continually had the slogan "Give all you have and absolutely refuse to die."

The team this year possessed a happy combination. What one player lacked another had, and thus the combined efforts of all made a smooth working whole. No player is perfect, but by adapting himself to a task for which he has the ability, good results will be obtained. This is precisely what the men on the team did this season.

Then, too, the substitutes cannot be overlooked. Nothing instills more confidence into a captain or a regular

lined with dependable second-string than the knowledge that the bench is men. Again, good substitutes keep the regulars keyed to the highest pitch all the time, for if a player knows that unless he delivers the goods he will not remain a regular he will give his utmost. The substitutes also helped the team by providing the opposition in scrimmage, and at all times they were willing to work.

Practice and theory, and plenty of both, especially the former, were the watch-words of Coach Radican. That we benefited by these can easily be seen. The athletic director and the manager provided the schedule and we did the playing. The student-body stood behind the team admirably, and this wonderful spirit reached its height, so I believe, during the Loyola game. With such rooting we could not lose.

In conclusion, I desire to thank every one who has made this season so successful and I think that the student body will agree with me when I say that every member of the squad deserves his letter.

CAPTAIN HERBERT WEIER.

TO THE BAND

A resume of our basketball season would be quite incomplete without appreciative recognition of our band. During every game added pep was given through the spirited strains of this musical organization.

In the excitement of the game we lustily cheer our men as they ring up victory for us; it is but natural that under these circumstances we become remiss in even mediocre recognition of the services of the band. If we but pause to consider, however, to what great degree music fires both our players and ourselves, and if, moreover, we reflect upon the hours of practice demanded from the band members in order to favor us with this stirring music, we cannot but esteem more highly of their skill and services.

While lauding the accomplishments of our heroic basketeers, then, we do not overlook the no uncertain contribution of our band to the thirteen victories. Voicing the appreciation of the entire student body, therefore, the CHEER gratefully thanks the band members and their zealous director, Father Ildephonse.

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Collegeville, Indiana, March 22, 1924

EDITORIALS

RAH! RAH! RAH! REPS

Encouraging figures in the final computation of our basketball team's achievements may be found elsewhere in this special issue unnecessary, therefore, though repetition may be, it were bordering upon cold indifference to overlook the splendid results of our flashy quintet upon the hardwood.

Thirteen victories out of a possible sixteen certainly speak in unstinted accents of praise for our varsity. Here again we observe the certain results of that essential to victory, co-operation. Co-operation of team, coach and director, together with support of the students, this it is which has made possible the enviable record of our squad this season.

When we happily reflect upon the overwhelming number of victories chalked up by the heroes of the Red and Purple we cannot but feel highly grateful to those who assisted in making the season the success it has been. Hats off, then, nine lusty rahs, and heartiest thanks to the players who willingly sacrificed time and other pleasures for the sake of victory and for us, grateful appreciation likewise to the coach, to our Reverend Director and to our "peppy" cheer leaders!

CALL HIM "FATHER"

Students, when you speak of your father don't call him "the old man." Of course, you are older now than when you were taught to call him father. You are much smarter than you were then; you are much more manly looking; your clothes fit you better; your hat has a modern shape and your hair, glistening with grease, is combed differently. In short, you are "faster" than you were then.

Your father has a last year's coat, a two-year old hat, and a vest of still older pattern. He can't write such an elegant note as you can, but don't call him "the old man." Call him father. For years he has been hustling about to get things together. He has been held to the thorny path of uphill industry and the brightest half of life has gone for him forever. But he loves you, though he goes along without saying much about it; therefore, don't be ungrateful.

IS ATHLETICS OVER-EMPHASIZED AT COLLEGE?

Not infrequently the true college student who loves to indulge in various athletic activities becomes the victim of many uncalled for disparaging comments relative to the time devoted to athletics. These individuals who censure present stress of athletics and begrudge the time devoted to it, affirm that scholarships and brains are no longer recognized; that athletic ability and brawn are the greatest assets of the student today.

It is recognized that probably too much emphasis has been placed on athletics in colleges and universities in recent years, but there is evidence that the athletic features of college life are being given their proper place without lowering the standard of scholarship required by the institutions. This can be accomplished by college authorities insisting that studies be not neglected for athletics.

Athletics in educational institutions has an important place in maintaining the college spirit, but the well-known tendency in the United States to go to extremes has had the effect of giving undue emphasis to sports.

Industrial, business and professional interests of the nation demand trained minds to carry them successfully forward, but these trained minds can be effective to the maximum degree only if they find expression through a sound body. Instead of permitting a few persons to receive the benefit of athletic work, colleges and other institutions should require physical training during all the course of study, thereby insuring to students well-rounded qualifications for the duties of life.

WHY AM I AT COLLEGE?

—Undoubtedly many of us at college have often been asked by the friends "back home" why we are going to college. And what did we answer? Why are we attending college? Some of us are here because we are sent by our parents; some merely as a matter of course, and some with well-defined ideas of the purpose of our entrance.

But what IS the purpose of going to college anyway? Doubtless the idea with the majority of us is that we may be better able to attain success in life and the happiness that will result from it. But "success in life" will mean a different thing for each. In days gone by the college man was supposed to fit himself for some one of the professions, such as that of lawyer, doctor, professor, and a few others. The young man's choice in a time not so long past was very limited, but the field of opportunity is now as broad as it was narrow then.

One may procure special training for anything. This makes a choice of work much more difficult to the col-

lege student, but the choice should most certainly be made, for a firm purpose is as necessary to life as is a rudder to the ship. Perhaps to most young men there is a time when this choice will be limited to selecting some course which he thinks will enable him to make the most money when he is ready to enter upon his life work, thinking that this is the real meaning of success. But the wise man, in studying the lives of those who are accounted the most successful by their fellows, will find that it is not their money alone which has made them accounted successful. This is much more true now than it has ever been before.

The measuring rod is being changed. More and more it is coming to be true that success is measured by service, something done to make better the community in which one lives, commercially, mentally, or morally. The real young man of today will be fired with this desire to serve, and it is up to him to make his college course prepare him for the call of a future day. The call is coming, and those who are ready to receive it will be the successful ones. For the young man this is the day of preparation. He will make good who remembers that he does most who serves best.

WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

The CHEER essay contest is over. The judges have decided the winner; the CHEER has awarded the prizes. And now, prompted by general unworded curiosity as well as inherent self-interest, we are tempted to question the plausibility of the contest.

We are pleased to note that the number of essays submitted this year totalled four times the number written last year. This may justify the stamp of "success." However, the predominant indifference of the students in general is utterly inconceivable. Many more essays should have wended their way to the judges.

To the winners we tender congratulations confirmed with a hearty welcome to their deserved prizes—prizes which do but intimate the honor justly theirs; to the remaining contestants we are equally thankful, with sincere acknowledgement of their loyal support and admirable spirit. Two alone could win the prizes. It is certain, however, that all contestants have shared in the invaluable practice and experience derived from writing, which is, after all, by far the most valuable prize a contestant can win.

We hear that there was a track meet held the other day by radio. The Saint Joe men that are returning sincerely hope that they will not play basketball that way next season.

"Flossy" Weier has this as his motto: "You may be fast, but I'm gonna slow you down."

HOW THE SAINTS STAND

Though it has been the policy of the "Cheer" during the past season to stress team-work instead of individual ability, we cannot entirely disregard the latter. Just as in a delicate mechanism where every cog has a fixed action, so every successful basketball team must be made up of five men working in unison and every one doing a particular task. There must be guards and there must be offensive players; dribbling and pivoting cannot be forgotten, in a word there must be unity.

During the past season the Purple and Red team had both an offense and a defense. And although we cannot offer any definite statistics on floorwork and guarding, still the number of games won show that the St. Joe Varsity had something more than accurate shooters. We hope that the records tabulated below will be looked upon more as a source of interest than as a criterion of the ability of the different players:

	Pos.	Games	Min.	B.	F.	Total Points	Pers.
1. Hoffman	C.	15	501	92	7	191	25
2. Jordan	F.	15	519	55	17	127	19
3. Weier	F.	11	362	34	10	78	16
4. Klen	F. G.	13	262	17	3	37	5
5. Lauer	G.	14	483	13	6	32	15
6. Byrne	F.	5	67	7	1	15	1
7. Klocker	F.	3	73	7	0	14	2
8. McGuire	G.	5	77	5	3	13	0
9. Hoban	C.	6	73	5	0	10	5
10. Petit	G.	5	67	4	0	8	1
11. Hipskind	G.	12	421	2	4	8	13
12. Roach	G.	5	58	3	0	6	5
13. T. Liebert	G.	6	143	0	1	1	8
14. Hoefer	G.	4	51	0	0	0	2
15. Metz	C.	1	14	1	0	2	0
Totals			245	52		542	117

A WORD FROM OUR MANAGER

Exceptional achievements in one way or another of any team representing an educational institution leave in their wake long and pleasant memories. And such will be, without doubt, the memory of our basketball team of 1923-24. The manner in which, from start to finish, this year's team battled and won for its Alma Mater was, indeed, chivalrous. You may say the team's splendid success was due to individual ability bundled into excellent team-work. But the real cause which alone is sufficiently broad to explain the all around and highly deserving outcome of the team's work was nothing less than an unusual degree of loyalty. While evident in all the players, this spirit was especially notice-

able in the conduct of those members who continued to do their best for the varsity after seeing others fill the positions they themselves had held or for which they were striving.

This spirit and the success that resulted from it soon won the whole-hearted support of the student-body. That the latter loved and were proud of their loyal standard bearers was proved not only by their cheering at the games but also by their readiness in other ways to compensate the players who were giving them a season of many enjoyable thrills.

AMBITION

It's well enough to dream about
The things you like to do
But you must wake up and get to work
To make your dreams come true.

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EXCHANGES

Wise Crack—By the way, where does the white go when the snow melts?—DePaulia.

* * * *

ON HOLDIN' HANDS

As he placed that hand in his own,
And pressed it close to his chest,
He dared not whisper a sound,
Nor even breathe at best,

He squeezed it lightly and knew
That it meant a lot of good things,
For whatever hand in the world
Could beat an ace and four kings?

DePaulia.

* * * *

The say the Knights of the Garter
were the king's chief supporters.—
Hour Glass.

* * * *

A judge of feminine beauty has to
be a good critic of paintings nowadays.
—Hour Glass.

* * * *

A new song hit that promises well
is "When the Cowslips You'll See the
Butterfly."—Hour Glass.

* * * *

The explanation of a fellow who con-
tinually carries a chip on his head—
it's made of wood.—Hour Glass.

* * * *

"A fool," said the professor, "can
ask things a wise man can't answer."

"Is that the reason I flunked last
term?" asked the student.—DePaulia.

* * * *

"Uncle Louis," said little Eleanor,
"do you know that a baby that's fed
on elephant's milk will gain twenty
pounds a week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed
Uncle Louis. "Whose baby was it?"

"The elephant's baby," remarked
little Eleanor.—DePaulia.

Petit wishes to know if the team is
to play in Lafayette next year. What's
the matter, Dave, did you like the
floor down there?

The editor used
This in a pinch;
He needed exactly
Another inch.

Echoes of the Contest

Manifesting great interest in the es-
say contest, Father Kenkel, as judge,
writes his opinions in regard to the
essays from the literary point of view.
Quite frankly he admits disappoint-
ment in some essays because of lack
of proper organization and compact-
ness of thought, while slang expres-
sions and misspellings were not infre-
quent. In this we are pleased to note
that Father's criticism verifies our
own opinions; there was great room
for improvement in most of the es-
says.

Much credit is given the contest-
ants, however, by Father Kenkel:
Some, in fact most of the essays, he
writes, showed mature judgment, and
if all the arguments brought for either
side of the question were properly
arranged they would make a good
brief in a debater's hand-book. A fea-
ture that struck me with special force
was the loyal sentiment towards St.
Joe's shown in every essay. Whether
the arguments were in favor of the
position that St. Joe should grant
scholarships or against it, the basis of
the arguments was invariably the
greater prospering of St. Joe's.

While congratulating you as editors
of the "Cheer" in having conducted a
contest on this interesting subject, I
want to thank you in having honored
me to be one of the judges. Wishing
you continued success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

FATHER KENKEL.

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"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully," wrote the grateful woman. "A month ago I could not spank my baby and now I am able to thrash my husband. Heaven bless you."—Selected.

He (after proposing)—If you are already engaged why didn't you tell me?
She—I'm not the sort of girl that boasts of her conquests.—Selected.

Gerald—An orphan is to be pitied.
Geraldine—Yes, just think of the poor girls who can't be kissed for their mothers.—Selected.

If from what he thinks he knows a man would subtract what others think he knows the remainder might equal the sum of his knowledge.

Lauer surely lived up to his reputation of being a two-fisted wearer of blue overalls in the Loyola tilt.

Daughter—Oh, papa, what is your birthstone?

Father of Seven—My dear, I'm not sure, but I think it's a grindstone.—Selected.

Did anyone ever see a basket bawl?

Taxi Driver (talking about car to himself)—Vot a clutch!
Voice from Cab—Mind your own business.

Senior—What are you majoring in?
Junior—Greek.
Senior—What's the idea?
Junior—I'm going into the restaurant business when I graduate.

Minister—You'll ruin your stomach drinking that stuff!
Old Soak—'Sall right, 'sall right, it won't show with my coat on.

The next favorite indoor sport on the program will be the selection of the most handsome man on the squad. "Yea, Vinc."

Stephan (in English)—I wish to ask a question concerning a tragedy.
Prof—Well?
Stephan—What is my grade?

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Go where your friends go- to

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Where Quality and Service count

DOIN'S AROUND THE CAMPUS

THE COLLEGE BOY'S PLEA

Winter days are passing
 Passing none too fast
 Come, Spring, in all thy glory,
 Come, and be sure to last.

* * * *

Say, gang, wasn't that some little feast the R. C. swung for the team? What say, gang—one of the best and by far the pluckiest team in years. All together, fellows, fifteen mighty rahs. Make 'em good!

* * * *

Adolph Petit has become the Latin scholar a la mode. His unique and perplexing versions of Horace are astounding. The class and even the prof think A. David must have a dictionary non-corresponding with the one in usage.

* * * *

Our Varsity and the Towel Slinger went to Purdue to see the Purdue-Iowa game last week—and according to Jim Hoban, Farmer Byrnes (that's Johnny, the Towel Slinger) disgraced him. Just before the game all the spectators stood up, took off their hats and started to sing. Johnny, seeing all the headgear doffed, started singing "The Star Spangled Banner." A stranger asked Jim who the hick was. Jim at once claimed he never

saw or wanted to see Johnny again. And Farmer got sore. Gosh!

* * * *

Ig Murphy has announced his name as the shortstop of the Varsity this year. That's all right, Ignatius, but who's going to help out Russell?

* * * *

The track is a fine place to spend money. How? Just ask five seniors how to spend money on the track, yet enjoy a hale.

* * * *

Joe Steckler hasn't received any perfumed envelopes in two weeks. No wonder, he asked the Varsity Time-keeper if that was a good gun he uses. But it's kept under lock and key, Joe.

* * * *

Ochwat, sixth assistant librarian, has four inches to grow before anyone can see him over the ledge at the library window. But that's all right, Aloysius, Johnny Klen says you're the right size, anyway.

to hear the old bat meet the ball and see the campus filled with young and enthusiastic followers of the king of sports? Yusezerkid—yusezer!

* * * *

Tom Roynane has spent his free time since last September in quest of Hiram. He has been asking everybody and his brother the whereabouts of the much-talked-of Hiram. Say, Tom, we think you're the guy who asked if Sherlock Holmes was a row of apartment houses. How about it, Buster?

* * * *

Tony Quinlisk and Carl Willacker have handed in this wonderful ode:

We cannot sing the old songs
 We dare not sing the new,
 For how in heck can we sing
 When a feller has to chew?

* * * *

Prof—It's only 5:30 and I told you to come after supper.

Stude—That's what I came after.

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